THE AERONAUT.

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et Ausonius genitor nobis. Auson.

Ausonius is our father.

Auson. Epig 13. To Galba.

I told thee, my girl, time was speeding away
When I wou'd thee to love in thy youthful lively day;
It has past, and you spurn'd me, in coldness array'd;
Chaste girl, you are now an unlovely old maid.
Age slowly creeps on, and still light is thy brain,
While the hours that have gone may return not again.
You sigh, that you slighted the flames you had nurst,
And wish for the form that enkindled them erst—

yet arne – I forgive thee; we snatch from the grave,
If not what I wish, what I once wish'd to have.

16.

Myron and Lais.

The hoary Myron made his suit
To Lais young and gay;
Refusal and contempt to boot
were all he bore away.

He stained his locks with coal black dye
and with his veteran face,
Like snow beneath a summer's sky,
He sought to win her grace.

Upon his palsied form she look'd,
His tresses dark and hair;
and thus the aged wit-ling spoke
upon his alter'd state.

"Ah, learn that vainly you have tried
your rhetoric's display;
Such were his words, when I denied
your Father, yesterday."

21.

The changes of Fortune –
from the Greek.

A Spendthrift to a beam made fast
A rope, his only friend at last;
As off he swung, a shower of gold
About his prostrate carcass rolled.
He blam'd the wretch who rashly dares,
Buried the noose, and cried his prayers.

A Miser ~~to a beam made fast~~ sought his buried pelf,
~~A rope~~, the dearer moiety of himself
Within its cell no longer lies,
A rope its former place supplies.
Upon the thief he pour'd abuse.
Then said his prayers and tied the noose.

24

The Spartan mother gives her son his shield,
"Return with this or on this from the field."

25

on a rich man.

Ready to burst with wealth fed pride,
And talking like a King,
The Mushroom sperns at all beside
Thus who from fable spring.

His lineage proudly traces he
To Rome's twin founders great;
And wrought in golden tapestry
His portals blaze his state.

O Romulus and Remus height
Our twin, I do beseech,
His Father, knows no mortal wight,
His Mother was a bi——.

38.

Give me the maid, with coy retiring charms;
I love not her, who flies into my arms—
For true love sates not whom it hath subdued,
I spurn a wanton, and I hate a prude;
Of too much sweet, or too much sour, afraid,
Dian twice scorn'd, or Venus all display'd;
There dwells no softness in the maid scene,
And, all voluptuous, pleasure's pulse flags here.
But that shy girl must be my bosom's queen,
Whose coy "I will—I wont" steers just between.

Orator Rufus-

44

Lo Rufus! thy statue – can aught be more true?
It has no tongue nor brains – and neither have you.
It is cold, and it sees not – and hears not a whit –
And then, the original, are just like it.
But stay, in one point I a difference see,
Yours are soft, O my Rufus! as soft can be!

45

Dumb Rufus, who painted thee thus, in good wrath,
As if you were going to open your mouth?
No answer? good Painter, thy pardon I ask,
For thou, to a miracle, hast done thy task.

46

Here's Rufus's picture – how like him! and where
Is Rufus himself? In the orator's chair.
And what is he doing? Just what he does here.

49

Orator Rufus was ask'd to a wedding,
To see all the sport, from the rites to the bedding;
And thinking an orator's flourish was wanted,
To the bride blushing sweetly, and bridegroom undaunted,

Get-sons, cried the stiff and exulting pretender,
Of the masculine, feminine and neuter gender.

Diogenes -

5-2

His pouch, meal cake, his sandals, staff & cup
The Cynic's scanty furniture made up.
Too much the Cynic thought that them for his need,
To graft the stream, without a help, succeed;
His hollow'd palms the running water scoop,
The Cynic smil'd, and threw away his cup.

5-3

The Cynic dread Pluto's grim subjects among
Saw Crasus the wealthy stalk stately along.
He stopt, and convulsed with a grin, thus he cried,
Ho! richest of monarchs, where now is thy pride?
Like me, and yet poorer than me, art thou now,
For whatever I owe'd, I brought with me below.
But thou bringest nothing, of all thy vast pelf,
Except, O king Croesus, thy own ugly self.

5-4

Lais an old woman, dedicates her glass
to Venus -

Take the glass of sober truth,
Goddess of eternal youth,
Its eternal chronicler –
It cannot shew me what I love,
Stead of that form which erst could move
The hopes that would to conquest rove,
'Tis no remembrancer!

72

To Marcus stretch'd out on his unwelcome bed,
"Thou shalt live but six days" the sage soothsayer
said.
The rich doctor Alcon, more powerful than fate,
Made false the prediction, and alter'd the date;
He might have out-lived long the prophecied space,
But Marcus was robb'd of his six days of grace!

73.

Doctor Eunomus.

Doctor Eunomus prophecied Cains's death;
But Cains got better, in spite of his teeth.
He met him; – and terror his energies quelled,
For he thought his pale ghost from the
shades he beheld.

Who art thou? I am Cain. Alive? No - I'm dead.
And how came you here? Sent by Hell's monarch dread;
And as I knew all things & all men, so well,
I am sent to bring all the Physicians to hell.
The doctor 'gan tremble - fear not, cried the vision,
No man in his wits, will call thee a Physician.

77.

Let the girl of my delight
Quarrel when no wrongs excite;
Billingsgate her language fill,
Pretty, pert and wanton still;
Let her take and give a blow,
And, when beat, to kissing go.
For if thus she should not be —
Modest, chaste and matronly,
I should find her then, odslife!
That detested thing — a wife!

80

ἀρχὴ τὸ ἥμισυ παντός.

If by beginning, half the labours o'er,
Begin again, and there remains no more.

EDYLL. III.

On entering his paternal villa
when returned from exercising his office -

Welcome, thou little empire of my sires!
Three perish'd generations thou hast seen,
His dying gift, who lit thee vital fires,
Sad legacy! that time hath purchas'd been.

But Love must bend him to the stern behest;
And we must tread the steps our sires trod;
Must feel the cares that on their bosoms prest;
When gay we trip'd in pleasure's flowery road.

Tho' small, mine heritage, with grateful eyes,
Content and harmony thy shadows bless;
It is the mind, that lends to all their dyes,
That beam reflects from mirth's o'erflowing fleam.

In plenty's lap, the monarch sighs for more;
The Cynic, owning nothing, nothing sought;
In deserts thistles shews the ore,
While golden Lydia Midas suited not.

Say, at what point shall pure enjoyment rest?
In the deep realms of wishes undefin'd?
In wealth unnumber'd, man is only blest;
When pants, at its bounded point, the mind.
Behold my field - and learn its owner too;
And kindly know thyself, if thou art wise -
[illegible] - precept hard, 'tis true;
No sooner heard, than former thoughts
it flies!

VIII

The Consul's prayer on entering upon his office -

O year, to birth whom fairest omens bring,
Give tempered breezes to health bearing spring,
A mellow solstice lend to Cancer's power,
And bracing gales to stem September's hour.
On Autumn's hoar, let subtle coldness play,
And waning summer gently fade away.
In seed time, let the moistening South wind blow,
And central Burma pour her depths of snow.

Fill March, glad parent of the ancient year,
Renew'd, to lead the course again appear
Flow'r-cinctur'd May, approach with odorous
train,
Thou fervent Julius, warm the swelling grain—
And breathe thy gentler breezes o'er the main!
Be Syrius quelled, when rages Leo high;
The varying fruit may rich Pomona dye;
Let Autumn mellow Summer's ripen'd pride,
To cheer the blazing hearth in winter's tide.
Peace to the world! may kindly signs befriend,
And thy Penates may no star offend,
O Father Mars! whose power not equals thine;
Ev'n the bright bord'r of Cynthia's sphere divine—
Nor thou, O Saturn! from the flaming skies
Remotest, where thy car supreme proceeds,
In thy proud path omnipotent shalt move!
Come ye, high star of safety-bearing Jove—
With Cytherëian Vesper hold thy sway,
And off Cyllenius! lend thy hospitable ray! +
Return, new year, and thou, O Sun, once more,
Thy golden rays in opening Janus pour!

+ This Edyl is not all translated—

IX

prayer in the calends of January-

With omens glad, the consuls' years begun;
Put forth thy glittering head, eternal sun!
Pour from thy deeps with more illustrious pride
The purple splendors of the Eöan tide!
O year, the rise of whatsoe'er await,
Urg'd on the swelling waves of darkling fate,
From two faced Janus to December's hoar,
Behold a New year's ancient rites once more
Perform thy custom'd march, majestic world
Through the twelve courses of the teeming world
In thine eternal circuit triumph each sign
Varying their equall'd influence divine.
Down the prone pole the fiery coursers lead,
Let night with just vicissitude proceed;
~~From wintry wastes the Pyrenees lying,~~
~~And pass their vanity struggle let them rise~~
Refreshed to fire the empyreal plains of spring!
While Luna's crescent swells or wanes away,
Now in thy rising and thy closing day
O year, in order due, in your bright arch
Shalt see the seasons own their sovereigns
march!